Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O farewell honeſt ſouldiers: who hath relieved you?
Fra. Bernardo hath my place: give you good night. *Exit Fran.*
Mar. Holla *Barnardo.*
Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?
Hora. A peece of him.
Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.*
Hora. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night?
Bar. I have ſeene nothing.
Mar. Horatio ſayes 'tis but a phantaſie,
And will not let beliefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded ſight twice ſeene of us;
Therefore I have entreated him along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and ſpeake to it.
Hora. Tuſh, tuſh, 'twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let us once againe aſſaile your eares
That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
What we have two nights ſeene.
Hora. Well, ſit we downe,
And let us heare *Barnardo* ſpeake of this.
Bar. Laſt night of all,
When yond ſame ſtar that's Weſtward from the Pole,
Had made his courſe t'illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my ſelfe,
The Bell then beating one.

Enter Ghoſt.

Mar. Peace, breake thee off, looke where it comes againe.
Bar. In the ſame figure, like the King that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a Scholar, ſpeake to it *Horatio.*
Hor. Moſt like, it horrowes me with feare and wonder.
Bar. It would be ſpoke to.
Mar. Speake to it *Horatio.*
Hora. What art thou that uſurpſt this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Majeſty of buried *Denmarke*

Did

Did ſometimes march? by heaven I charg
Mar. It is offended.
Bar. See it ſtalkes away.
Hor. Stay, ſpeake, ſpeake, I charge the
Exit Ghoſt.
Mar. 'Tis gone and will not anſwer.
Bar. How now *Horatio*? you tremble
Is not this ſomething more than phantaſie
What thinke you of it?
Hora. Before my God I might not thi
Without the ſenſible and true avouch
Of mine owne eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy ſelfe:
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious Norway combate
So frown'd he once, when in an angry Par
He ſmote the ſleaded Pollax on the ice.
'Tis ſtrange.
Mar. Thus twice before, and jumpe at
With martiall ſtalke hath he gone by our
Hora. In what particular thought to w
But in the groſſe and ſcope of mine opinio
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our S
Mar. Good now ſit downe, and tell me
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſervant w
So nightly toiles the ſubject of the land,
And with ſuch daily coſt of braſen Cannon
And forraine Mart for implements of warr
Why ſuch impreſſe of ſhip-wrights, whoſe
Does not divide the Sunday from the week
What might be toward, that this ſweaty ha
Doth make the night joint labour with the
Who is't that can informe me?
Hora. That can I:
At leaſt the whiſper goes ſo. Our laſt King
Whoſe image even but now appear'd to us;
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbraſſe* of *Nor*